

Kenny McCormick Is

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Kenny and Karen have always had a special relationship. Ficlet.

Status: complete

Published: 2020-07-12

Words: 531

Rated: Fiction T - Language: English - Genre: Family - Characters: Kenny M., Karen McCormick - Reviews: 1 - Favs: 8 - Follows: 2

Original source: <https://www.fanfiction.net/s/13641780/1/Kenny-McCormick-Is>

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"Oh shit, we missed the bus," I said as the yellow school bus drove off in the distance.

"Kenny!" Karen scolded me.

"Right. 'Darn it, we missed the bus.'"

Karen wasn't like other girls her age. Yeah, I know that's really fucking clichéd, but it was true. She was as innocent as ever, scolding me whenever I swore and disliking the gossip and other shit girls her age tended to do.

"Come on," I said, holding out my hand to her. "Let's run."

Karen smiled, happily taking my hand and laughing as the two of us ran off.

"You missed first period, Kenny," Kyle said as he fished some books out of his locker.

"Yeah, Mrs. Chan was pissed," Stan added. "Why are you so late?"

"My sister and I missed the bus, so we had to walk. I dropped her off at the middle school before heading here."

"You walked your sister to school?" Cartman said with a laugh.
"What are you? Gay?"

"That doesn't even make sense, fatass," I shot back.

The guys didn't get it. Sure, I liked reading playboys and playing video games, but I loved Karen. She was my world. Maybe it's because I grew up in such a fucked up household. My parents shouting, hitting, drinking, occasionally not even making enough to

bring home food. I lived in a broken nothingness called home, but then Karen was born. She was my light in this dark, dreary world. She gave me purpose.

The first time I drowned, I was seven. I'd been shot in the head, crushed by falling construction equipment, stabbed, but drowning is probably one of the worst ways to die. It's a slow death; you feel heavy, cold. You hold your breath until you finally gasp for air, only to find none, your lungs slowly filling with water. You flail, a final attempt to try and make it to the surface until, finally, you gradually close your eyes and succumb to the dark.

I cried that night, but neither of my parents came. They never came to check on us when we cried now. But then the door opened, and a little girl rubbing her sleepy eyes entered. Only three years old, she walked towards me, stopping in front of my bed and holding out her arms. I hugged her and continued to cry, more certain than ever that I would do everything in my power to protect her from this fucked up world.

She fell asleep in my bed, and that's when I grabbed a pair of underwear, a sewing kit my mom never used and some old clothes laying around. That was the night Mysterion was born. Her guardian angel, vanquisher of evil.

"Kenny, you coming or what?" Cartman said, snapping me back to reality.

"Yeah, or do you plan on missing second period, too?" Kyle joked.

"I'm coming, I'm coming," I said, rolling my eyes and snatching my stuff out of my locker.

I'm Kenny McCormick, and Kenny McCormick is a lot of things. A superhero, a Japanese princess, an eldritch abomination... and most importantly, a big brother.